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CARLYLE'S SARTOR RESARTUS.

FROM the moment the star of Thomas Carlyle threw its first beam over the verge of the eastern horizon—to the time when it took its place among the old constellations, it has been the observed of all observers. No man but has watched it, alternately dazzled by its strange light, and astonished by its abysmal pathway. It has not floated on the deep, in calm, passive magnificence, but fitfully has it thrown its brilliancy over the heavens, moving as if self-projected, and self-poised. There have been skillful calculators who have confidently predicted its final period, and placed it in the category of comets which appear once and then pass into the traditions of our intellectual astronomy. Vain prediction. We do not go too far, when we say that the light of this same orb, shall brighten the turf beneath which such calculators are to take their last sleep. The admirers and students of Thomas Carlyle, from a little *coterie*, have grown to a stormy and imitative democracy. Respectable in talent as well as in numbers, they have sanctioned, and sanctified his very eccentricities, and civilized his barbarism. His Babylonish dialect they have converted into a cradle, to nurse a new born splendor. Neither the warmth of our affection, nor the depth of our study, will allow us to be classed among such admirers and students, and yet we love and reverence the man, and much that he has written. To these feelings, *Sartor Resartus* has not a little contributed,—therefore would we say a word about it and its author.

This book is in many respects the most extraordinary

we have ever read. It professes to be a biographical sketch of a German Professor, but is in reality a profound philosophical treatise—on the surface woefully incoherent—but in spirit compactly bound together. As to style, "shape it has none," being "distinguishable neither in joint nor limb." It presents the most glowing fancies of an ardent soul, and the most startling truths of our humanity. The thoughts are thrown out as a quarryman throws out jagged blocks of granite, massive and rough,—but they have a penetrating energy, a rending force, like to the bolts of Jupiter Tonans.

They are sent out as messengers to the sons of men, bearing despatches from the inner life of one who has placed a spiritual telescope to his eye which sweeps the borders of an extreme antiquity, and the far off heights of the future, where destiny has placed its standard,—heights between which flows many a hoarse sounding sea.

Carlyle, beyond any other author, has shown the littleness and grandeur of man. Viewing him from the standpoint of the infinite and godlike, he represents him in size as a mere atom or point, in substance a phantom, in life a shadow. "Like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit host, we emerge from the Inane, haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge into the Inane. These limbs whence had we them, this stormy force, this life blood with its burning passion, they are dust and shadow, a shadow system gathered around our *me*. Wherein through some moments or years the divine essence is to be revealed in the flesh."

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

Fame is but a lonely trumpet sound in the hollow night of oblivion. Successive dynasties are mere ghosts passing in review before Old Time—and time itself a gigantic spectre floating in vapory grandeur before the eye of the Eternal. All that is man, all that is creation shrivel up into dwarfish dimensions. But the scale by which they are thus reduced is that of infinity. He projects another from an opposite extreme, and judges by it, how these same existences expand. Man now contains a fact so full

of majesty and importance that the distinctions of society, the partialities of governments, become the merest appendages—a fact for whose development, the most distinguished events have worked together—darkness and light, barbarism and civilization have conspired, the occurrences and accidents of life, are to him as the dashing spray to the unfathomed deep. Of aristocracies and autocrasies, and all the paraphernalia of artificial rule, Carlyle speaks with a subdued but withering scorn. In a simple sentence he condenses a review of the moral and intellectual history of man.—“Alas poor devil, spectres are appointed to haunt him,—one age he is hagridden, bewitched—the next priest ridden, befooled; in all ages bedevilled.” He has sworn uncompromising hostility against every form of tyranny, and he assails with the most impassioned invective all oppressors and hamperers.

Government he respects, believing that all authority is from God, and that an enlightened obedience is the distinguishing trait of citizen worth, but its tyrannies, its barbarous policies, and unrighteous favoritisms, which, while they tend to augment the aggregate, producing energy of a nation, also tend to rupture the true relations between labor and capital, making the latter master, the former slave—these almost melt under the fire of his indignation.

Religion he reverences, but not that of which poor humanity has seen the tender mercies, in inquisitions, and the enthralment of conscience, in cramping the intellect, and poisoning the heart. Christianity he regards as the sublimest agency now operating upon mankind, and thus regarding it, he would disconnect it from all entangling alliances with the modes and policies of men; all exclusiveness and sectarianism he would cast to the wind, and through other media than an established priesthood, would he have it speak—undecorated by mortal draperies—unaided by mortal strength—uninforced by the appliances of civil power, he would have it go forth like the sun in heaven, maintaining its own celestial equilibrium, and dispensing over the world the beams of life and glory.

Without attempting to give an analysis of the book, we will name some of the more leading thoughts. In view of its general scope and aim, we know not how better to designate it, than to call it an *Essay on celestial Tailor-*

*ing*—including an exhortation to mankind to wear a *cleaner spiritual garb*. It represents God as an infinite, universal and perfect Tailor, constantly repairing the fissures of creation, and man as a finite and imperfect one, constantly dropping stitches, and himself ever needing to be patched, or when aspiring to a new garment that shall better suit his expanding frame, as resorting to such places as Runnymede, Marston Moor, and Plymouth Rock. The custom of wearing clothes, it considers the first result of a spiritual want in man. From this arose the feeling of Shame which it declares to be the soil, in which every virtue grows. "Clothes gave us individuality, distinctions, social polity. Clothes have made men of us; they are threatening to make *clothes screens* of us." From speaking of clothes for the body, it proceeds to speak of the body itself as the vesture of the soul, of all government civil and ecclesiastical, in their visible forms, as the vestments of the respective ideas they represent; of all matter in its meanest and grandest forms, from the monarch's crown to the stone upon which we tread, as the wrappage of the spiritual. In a word it speaks of the whole Universe, in all its endless variety as the living, visible, garment of God. In time and space, new garments are constantly being woven upon the unseen but "roaring loom" of the Infinite—volcanic eruptions, deluges, upheavings and submergings of continents, are only the severings of the threads by the mighty and mysterious shuttles.

If there be one thought more central and principal than another in the book, it is the supersensual utility, and meaning it attaches to all things, the lowest and highest. If in the imperial sceptre and diamond studded mantle, there be much to admire, there is quite as much in the staff of old age—and the tattered cloak of the rustic—they all have somewhat of prose, decay and worthlessness, and they all have somewhat of poetry, duration and reverend dignity. "For matter were it never so despicable is the manifestation of spirit, were it never so honorable, can it be more." The disposition thus to look upon nature, to regard all by which we are surrounded, the temple and the hut, the ocean and the drop, the forest and the flower, as symbols, as mystic hieroglyphs, written by the Almighty in the volume of Infinitude, a species of writing, whose

alphabet is stars and suns,—the disposition thus to regard all things, and to attempt to decypher the hidden meanings, is the true spirit of what we technically call Transcendentalism. This certainly is the spirit of this book, and it begins with clothes that it may bring out the more striking contrasts, to the great truth it aims to expound.

This being the system of the author, he is led to show, (and he does it with startling power) the narrowness and shallowness of all human knowledge. Our very axioms, according to him, are mere "brick words laid in logic mortar." The *when* and *where*, the limitations of time and space, these are the darkeners of the understanding, the "terrestrial adhesions," which forbid us doing more than counting and arranging, in orders of succession, events and phenomena; and after we have done our utmost, we may have seen only what has passed in a small epicycle, which is controlled by the laws of some grander cycle, and this again by some higher one. Miracles are interruptions of laws, or what are called laws, but they are in harmony with the laws of some higher system which we know not. It is comparative ignorance that makes us revere miracles. Columbus wrought a miracle before the Indians, when he predicted an eclipse. By this we mean not to invalidate the authority of Christian miracles, for these will be miracles to the human mind, when it shall have passed to the last bounds of possible knowledge; but they are not miracles to angels and redeemed spirits; to them they are what the prediction of Columbus was to the Indians. Thus it is, that the tremulous line which separates the known from the unknown, the finite from the infinite, the miracle from the common order of succession, is ever changing, and must ever change from the nature of the capacities for progress, with which we are endowed.

It seems to be a purpose, ever before the author, to admonish the reader of the littleness and worthlessness of all he sees and does, compared to what he does not see, and may do; of the measureless superiority of the spiritual over the tangible. Hence the brilliant and searching antitheses, between attainment and capability—the actual and the possible, the *is* and the *ought*; hence he treats life national and individual, as a kind of phantasmagoria,—battles and revolutions as the "unrest of our somnambu-

lism." Such is the prominence given to this idea, that he often seems to value Religion only, in so far as it tends to make it influential.

This tendency, this current of his mind, affords a solution of his prevailing tastes—of his passionate fondness for those heroes who labored

"As ever in their great taskmaster's eye,"

who suffered self to be swallowed up in the enthusiasm of belief, and who, so far, thought themselves the instruments of God for the accomplishment of great ends, as to verge often toward blind fanaticism; and with a turbulent burning grandeur, attempt sublime impossibilities. Men, who if they failed, failed only as majesty always fails, drawing down with boisterous ruin, ten thousand petty annexments, and leaving behind a capital of excellence, from which after generations might draw the means of life and growth. Such men were Calvin, Knox, and his "friend Oliver." This is the spirit of the Hero Worship. And here we may state the stand-point, from which he contemplates the vast circumference of history. His doctrine is that the race is carried forward mainly by great men, who appear at wide intervals; and who by their transcendent genius, their almost tyrannous mastery over the passions and prejudices of the mass, shape, direct and accelerate their tendencies. For example, Plato in philosophy; Demosthenes in oratory; Julius Cæsar in civil and military relations; Bacon in general science; Shakespeare in poetry; the lives of such, he would present in a magnificent scale, and make them the key notes of all subsequent music, whether of defeat and wail, or of triumph and joy. As an effect of this, he usually diminishes what is collateral and adventitious, that he may magnify the favorite heroes; that Jupiter and Mars may shine the brighter, he would dim the radiance of all smaller luminaries. This is particularly manifest in his French Revolution, and life of Cromwell. There are other consequences not less obvious and far more injurious. He exalts and enlarges to such an extent, that we hesitate in our emotions of grandeur to apply the ordinary standards of truth and righteousness. Our notions are confused; our critical judgments lost in the heat of excited fancy and excessive wonder. Thus it is that vastness and complex-

ity often swallow up moral distinctions, and we are made to see the man who steals a loaf of bread, ignominiously punished, and him who steals an Empire, lifted to the pinnacle of glory. It would be injustice to say that the writings of Carlyle teach this; for we know that while his judgments are always tempered with charity, he never seeks to hide, or what is worse, dignify iniquity by associating it with brilliancy of genius, or splendor of achievement. We mean merely to say that the theory is liable to great abuse.

This view of History and great men, is directly opposed to that held by most writers. They commonly represent the master spirits of the past, as only paying back with interest, what they received from their respective ages,—as acting simply as the earliest reflectors of a light which is soon to pass up to the zenith. The reason why some have cut so large a figure and monopolized the admiration of the world, is to be found in a natural inclination of the human mind to mystify what is unusual, to exaggerate what is striking, to worship success, to execrate defeat, to make celebrity more celebrated, and infamy more infamous.

Another leading idea of this book is the exposition and defence of the sentiment of wonder. Carlyle insists upon its necessity and worth; he holds it to be the only reasonable sentiment of an inhabitant of this planet. "Wonder he says, is the basis of worship; its reign is perennial and indestructible; thought, without reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous; at best it dies like cookery with the day that called it forth; does not live to bring forth food and plenteous increase for all time." The man who does not wonder, however profound his knowledge, is only an "illuminated sceptic; a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye." After calling in a tone of lofty defiance upon those who would banish all mystery and mysticism, to explain some of the simplest phenomena, he says, "Retire into private places with your foolish cackle, or what were better, give it up and weep; not that the reign of wonder is done, and God's world all disembellished and prosaic, but that you are hitherto sand blind pedants." On this point, he speaks with tremendous emphasis; upon these who have become puffed up with scientific acquisi-



tions, he darts the most withering scorn, and names for their solution riddles from under their feet. And how true is all that he says? This universe is indeed a temple, looking at which, we cannot but be lost in wonder. All that science has yet done, amounts only to partially tearing from our eyes the film that intercepted vision. Astronomy has measured distances, traced orbits, and arranged planets in ranks, but its very light has made darkness,—clearing up one mystery, it has served only to disclose vaster realms beyond. The nebulous masses were once, we knew not what. Astronomy has solved the question by telling us that they are aggregations of light coming from millions of systems of stars. It has solved one question only to call up a thousand infinitely more difficult. And thus it must ever be with human knowledge. It can lead us from one link to another on the chain of causation; it can deal with the secondary and proximate, but darkness enshrouds it, the moment it aspires to gaze at the primary and ultimate. This, instead of diminishing in the wise the sentiment of wonder, should impart to it the greater intensity.

It is often said that this sentiment was stronger in the ancient, than in the modern mind; and this, not upon the ground that it knew less, but that it was more reflective,—more introversive. The truth of this may be doubted. It certainly does not follow, that the ancient mind was more introversive than the modern, because, as is frequently asserted, it was chiefly intent upon ultimates and essences, upon impossible problems, or because the modern has been engaged upon proximates and properties, upon possible problems, or because it has been more analytic and inductive in investigation. It will not be contended that Bacon and Locke, Adam Smith and Cousin, were the less reflective, because empirical in scientific methods. The ancient mind drew a strong bow; but its arrow was aimed at the sun; and however glorious its flight, it was wasted in mid air. Its introversive cast was either merged in fruitless effort, or contemplative mysticism. The world to it was a world of shadows and uncertainties; and the process of investigation adopted tended to keep it so. It was just the world for mythologies, poetry and philosophical phantasms. The modern mind has kept within the



domain of science proper, or in other words, has labored to discover only what was discoverable. The fruits have been rich and various. The sentiment of wonder has perhaps been somewhat weakened, by reducing scattered facts to orders of succession, and developing their relations; but this not necessarily. It has arisen from the momentary flush of victorious achievements. It will not be long before these very orders of succession will appear to the learned, as scattered phenomena, of deeper principles. When this shall appear, then will return the agony of effort, and the adoration of profoundest wonder, the heavenward glance and the beating heart, the hour of weakness in the day of strength, infancy in mature manhood.

Carlyle would have all men inquiring, and, curious in disposition—he would have science more forward, and every hand at work. But he would also make men feel their littleness and short sightedness, and knowledge humble and reverent; he would have us know, not only that we may use, but that we may adore. This is the surest safeguard against empiricism and vaunting pride, and the best conservator of our feeling of the superiority of the spiritual over the material. When he alludes to the materialising tendencies of the age, his satire becomes bitter and scathing. On one page, he eulogises tools; and on another, preaches a crusade against them; the former, because he would have the world purged of idleness; the latter, because they tend to give the physical activities of the times, predominance over the moral. This predominance tells us why the Religious idea that wrought such marvellous things in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is quite dead in the nineteenth, so much so, that we can hardly comprehend those times, except by the introduction of the low schemes of motives invented by Hume. At this predominance every reflecting mind must be somewhat alarmed; and yet, it is easily accounted for. The pithy remark of Charles Lamb, when returning from an errand of mercy among the lower orders, explains it. Said he, "It is worse than useless to preach a higher morality to men, when hungry and shirtless, their minds run not upon your wise aphorisms, but upon your ability to supply bread and clothes." This is the reason why all modern reformers make physical improvement, the neces-

sary antecedent to moral ; and hence this prevailing aspect of the age. These opposite theories of progress, are sustained by almost equally imposing names and forcible arguments. The true method in this, as in most other cases, lies between the two ; their movement *should* be simultaneous, their influence *will* be reciprocal. The soul must have the truth, and the body food and raiment, then there will be growth.

The general Historical theory of Carlyle, it is impossible precisely to determine. By theory here, we mean a method of interpreting and classifying the events of the past. He is not a *doctrinaire* in the school of Guizot or De Tocqueville. That central law of human progress so much insisted on by the French school, he often scouts. Nor, however his spirit may have been flooded by the waters of German literature, does he altogether adopt the magnificent and sweeping generalisations of its science. The Hegelian historical methods he tramples on at every step. It is probable that he sympathises with the English theory, (if theory it can be called) which contemplates History not as science, whose relations are fixed and determinate as that of physics, but in periods, or fragments of periods. Certain it is, he has some method ; for no mind like his would be without one. He often pauses to chant a dirge over the illustrious dead, and in spirit gathers them about him, in mystic resurrection. Upon new tablets he rewrites their claims to immortality. Many a plain and simple urn has he brushed up—often has he rolled away the stone from the sepulchre of forgotten worth, and bade it come forth to a higher life ; and at such times, how solemn and sustained the grandeur of his minstrelsy.

Sartor Resartus is prodigal of intellectual wealth, and gems of rarest beauty are scattered about with careless profusion among the rough bars which have leaped out glistening from the forge. In the biographical part there are many useful hints strikingly presented, and the whole of it, to the thoughtful mind, is full of instruction—being a graphic narrative of the spiritual life of a person possessed of great powers of mind, strong passions, and exquisite sensibility. It views him in youth, with its hopes and fears, its inexperience and crude designs ; in opening manhood, with energy at its prime, and hope culminating

in its airy creations—with love unfolding its brightness, gently as a rising star, and going down rapid as a comet's flight into utter darkness—with its period of blank scepticism and withering negations. It views him in mature age, with soul calm and steadfast—upon "reason building resolve," and laboring for the accomplishment of a worthy end.

The style of this book, was among the first results of Carlyle's journey to Chaos, where he made shipwreck of the pure and stately English he once wrote. It stands alone with some other of his "sayings," in the solitude of its own singularity. It tells of the cataract dash of feeling, and the strong nervous movement of a clear-sighted intellect. His warfare is of that sort, which, under the circumstances, is best calculated to win victories. As he is midway between the wilderness of barbarism and the waving fields of a true civilization, he adopts alternately the tactics of the Indian, and those of the regular soldier. The sentences are of all conceivable lengths; from two words to a hundred; they abound in involutions of syntax, and introversions of meaning, braced up by hyphens, and torn asunder like rock-fissures, by impertinent parentheses, plenty of dashes, signs of admiration, and all the common machinery usually employed to buttress up splendid nonsense. But, with this man, they are convex mirrors reflecting the moving splendors and shifting fires which run along the pages, like successive floods of electricity. His illusions are magnificent; his allusions are from a "far countrie;" his comparisons are such as no man, except he were insane, would dare to use. Of metaphors he is singularly fond: indeed, some of his finest arguments are metaphors; despising circuitous methods of ratiocination, he draws his meaning to a focus, and flashes it out with a sudden and impressive brilliancy.

Who shall tell what is to be the rank of this man in another age? He surely cannot die. He cannot be popular; his modes of writing forbid this. He cannot be forgotten; he has told too much truth, and too powerfully for that. His books will not be thumb-worn, for the masses cannot digest them, however manfully they have done battle for their cause. They will be taken down when great souls shall gird themselves for great enterpri-

ses—when truth and all that is heart in humanity, shall be endangered, and the noble need excitement for their defence. From them, as from a granite quarry, shall many a severely simple shaft be carved, as the symbol of a glory that is to be.

A. N. L.

### THE FIRST RECEPTION.

1492.

'Tis a merry day in Palos port, and the bells ring loud and clear,  
And the people throng the narrow streets; the house-tops far  
and near

Down to the dizzy dang'rous leads, high, high above the crowd,  
Groan 'neath a sea of human heads, and shake with clamor loud.  
Traffic has ceased; the shops are closed, and holiday proclaimed,  
Banished both care and grief awhile, for joy triumphant reigns.  
All ranks, all ages make the mass,—a motley throng—composed  
Of purple, rags,—of cavaliers, by beggars round enclosed,  
Of shopman, gallant knight and squire,—of solemn robed priest,  
Of haughty Don, of mariner, of scholar from the East:  
Of high-born dame, of market-girl, of helpless, and of maimed,  
Of soldier scarred in holy war, of pilgrim travel-stained,  
Of palsied age, of ruddy youth—of man and maiden fair,  
That jostling, trampling, onward roll ne'er quiet any where.  
For now has palace, hut, and cell, poured forth its living mass,  
And Palos strains with anxious gaze, to see Columbus pass.

Vain, shallow fools! think ye your noise—your trumpet-notes of  
praise—

Your wild huzzas—your gushing tears—can blot out past disgrace?  
Think ye the heart insulted, and broken by your pride,  
Can e'er forgive its agony, its scornful feeling hide?  
Think you that he ye hooted at, and called enthusiast wild,  
He that ye pointed at as mad, and visionary styled,  
He that received your bitter curse but one short year before,  
Can now keep down his swelling heart, as he hears your senseless  
roar?

Ye know him not; shout, dance, and scream,—rend earth with  
your deaf'ning yell.

Cry on like right good citizens, and all his praises tell;  
He values not your fickle breath: experience sad hath told  
Your praise is hollow, venial, base—your warmest love most cold;  
Your highest standard of desert the shining gem success,  
Failure, a crime you ne'er forgive,—misfortune, pitiless.

Long months have rolled since first he stood a stranger in your land,  
And humbly asked for sustenance, where now your convent stands,  
And, as his tale of Western Worlds he told with earnest mien,  
And laid his noble plans before your Monarch and his Queen,  
Ye called him "mad enthusiast, an idiot in his dreams,  
A desperate, needy foreigner, whose sickly fancy teems  
With strange unheard-of theories, heretical as vague,"  
And ye turned from him the royal ear, and ye shunned him as the plague.

Months have rolled by; what is he now? great "Admiral of the Seas,"

And ye cringe to the "needy foreigner" upon your bended knees;  
He is no foreigner now! not so,—ye'll prove him Spaniard born,  
Your king befriends the outcast now—'tis politic to fawn;  
Grave schoolmen, doctors, courtiers—ye rabble one and all,  
Ye have the royal precedent,—rush on,—before him fall,  
And cry, "God save King Ferdinand, and Isabella too,  
And Heaven its blessings shower upon Columbus and his crew."

But see! a mighty mass moves on; a train of warriors shout.  
The clarion's note sounds shrilly far, above the clamor's shout:  
The mail-clad steed treads solemnly, and their riders proudly bear  
O'er whom, the golden flag of Spain bright glances in the air.  
But who rides foremost; on a steed of iron strength and hue,  
Whose dainty hoof would scarce disturb the early morning dew:  
Whose quivering ear and nostril wide, of Andalusia tell,  
So fierce, and yet so tractable, so proud, yet trained so well?  
No vestment gay, nor armor bright, enclose his manly breast,  
Glitters no garter on his knee—no star upon his vest,  
But *dignity* enwraps him round, and *truth*, his coat of mail,  
For merit needs not courtly pomp to tell its glowing tale;  
His brow is open, mild, and fair, and he smiles to the cheering throng,

And he bows him low on the charger's neck as the train moves slow along;

But his eagle eye too well discerns the low obsequious bow  
Of enemies, who scorned him first—yet first to cheer him now.  
There stood the humbled schoolman, who once had met his plan  
With Salamanca's dogmas, and learning's every ban,  
And there the holy father, who used religious power,  
And tried, by obstinacy fierce, his noble heart to cower,  
And there the silly courtier, astonished, now he'd found  
'Twas not so foolish after all, to say the world was round;  
And there the thoughtless, howling mass, of varied tribe and hue,  
Wavering, doubtful, treacherous, and never really true;  
Yet now, as if from brazen lungs, the cry went up once more,  
"Long live our noble Admiral, Columbus of Genoa!"

But hark! the organ's solemn note has drowned the clarion's shriek,  
The old Cathedral's near at hand,—its shrine Columbus seeks;

And, as its time-worn wall appears, he bares his manly head,  
 Reins in his steed, and stands afoot before its portal dread.  
 Poudly he'd borne himself, 'mid storms of nature and of men,  
 And dauntless had his carriage been, when scarce he had a friend,  
 But now, Religion's chord was touched—'twas holy ground he trod,  
 And he bowed to a greater Presence there—the presence of his God!  
 'Twas then the clarion's voice was hushed—the echoing tumult died,  
 And the banner of the Church unrolled, and fluttered in its pride,  
 The flag which carried fear and death through swart Saladin's line,  
 By which the brave Crusader fought in Holy Palestine.

The train afoot moved in the Church; the echoing aisles repeat  
 The heavy march of soldiery, and tread of mailed feet:  
 The deep low breath of organ-pipe, the chanter's solemn hymn,  
 Where spectral form of monk and nun glide through the arches dim.  
 It stopped at the shrine of Mary, the Mother of our God,  
 Where burning incense filled the air, and waxen taper stood,  
 And mitred bishop, robed and veiled, the wafer by his side,  
 And the holy cup of sacrament,—the blood of him who died.

Columbus knelt!

And, as his manly voice went up  
 In adoration deep to God, his heart  
 Was with his tongue, and eloquence  
 Such as belongs to holy thought alone,  
 Poured forth in torrent fervid, burning, deep.  
 The organ hushed, for holier music reigned—  
 Music of heart that struggled to express  
 O'erpowering gratitude, to Him who checks  
 The rage of elements, and brutal men;  
 The earnest intonations of his voice  
 Were heard alone—clear as the trumpet's call,  
 And warlike men of iron feature stern,  
 Now drew their steel-gloved hands before their eyes  
 And wept like infancy. Say not that Heaven  
 Is reached by chilling forms which men appoint;  
 Oh no! its golden gates are ever barred to such;  
 The heart, the earnest heart alone, conveys the soul to Heaven.

He prayed for India's shores,  
 The new-found world, where savage tribes  
 Ne'er heard the name of God, but from the voice  
 Of mountain, sea, or foaming cataract,  
 Or when, with power resistless, onward swept  
 The fearful hurricane, in scythed car,  
 Mowing down forest-trees like grass,  
 And opening wide a path from sea to sea.  
 His deep tones faltered, as his voice went up  
 In thanks to God, that he had been the first  
 To plant upon its shores the cross of Christ,  
 And save from hopeless ~~▼~~ another race of men.

He ceased, but still in silence knelt : a holy stillness reigned—  
A placid calmness on each face but lately sorrow-stained :  
Aye! 'twas Religion's romance—ne'er seen in later days,  
And only known to modern times in Spanish minstrel's lays.  
But soon the organ's prelude soft the painful silence broke,  
And floating through the groined roof, its gentle echoes woke :  
It ceased—a moment all was still—then burst the anthem wild !  
Then rose "Te Deum" to the roof, and shook the solemn pile,  
And, mid the organ's thund'ring bass, Columbus formed his band,  
And slowly left the aged Church, for the court of Ferdinand.

CRISTOVAL.

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POLITICAL PROPHECIES.

SOME men are wont to prophesy. Casting "a glance around," they venture to predict the breaking up of the established order of things. They see ruin, if not upon the wings of the tempest, slow gathering in heavy clouds, and moving upon the vast edifice of present social life. They say those clouds forebode the wreck of ill-balanced political systems, by whose harsh and remorseless movements so much of misery is produced. They also predict, after the clearing away of that storm, a clearer sky, a purer air, a more beauteous earth. They expect to see the civilized world take a higher place, the nations living in holy brotherhood, animated by one universal sentiment of good will ; and all men elevated, wiser, and happier.

Such sentiments are worthy of serious consideration, rather than the jeer and jest ; not because of their truthfulness, but on account of the true feeling with which they are uttered. It is better and wiser to inquire *why* men thus prophesy ; and whether the grounds are good upon which they build the realization of their prophecies.

These predictions are nothing new under the sun. Every age has had its political prophets, and prophecies foretelling changes happy and fearful. In the records and legendary lore of all nations, we are shown what men feared, and what they hoped. It may therefore be inferred from their universality, that these predictions have their cause, not in inspiration, nor always in the far-reach-



ing ken of reason, but in some other conditions of being. And what conditions more likely to give rise to them than the ever-changing state of society, and the ever-living principle of hope?

Let the past, according to the common metaphor, be spread out like an ocean; yet it will not be calm and placid. If every change be marked by a wave, what a wild scene will that ocean present: not rolling in majestic grandeur, as if marching with the mighty wind; but as if moved from beneath, raging and foaming, with its mountain waves dashing and breaking upon each other, making the heavens dark with its ascending spray and mist. Experience, one of the lamps by which man's feet are guided, throws upon all objects the color of its flame. Experiencing the mutability of things, and the sad changes wrought in states, fear possesses man's heart, and he sees the shadows of the past walking like spectres upon the shores of the future. This forms one source of political prophecy, and from it flow most of the predictions of earlier times, when fear and superstition had so great an ascendancy over men.

There is one other circumstance in man's existence that may account somewhat for this predictive spirit. The conditions of life ill comport with the desires of man. His capacities for enjoyment are rarely satisfied. His fine sensibilities are often harshly and discordantly touched. There is every where present some invisible and fatal power, that blights the rose whilst he gazes upon it; that, like a harpy, pollutes every feast of enjoyment; that traces upon every face of love the cold and meaningless expression of death. Thus illy does the external world correspond to the internal workings of an immortal nature. The soul goes through the world much like the warrior through the city of the dead—as he rode the paved streets, his steed's hoof fell as upon lead; silent crowds glided by, looking fearfully pale in the dim moonlight, and not a sound was stirred by the footsteps of thousands—he saw in star-lit halls forms of beauty with marbled features, floating silently and slow in the mazy dance; and there were solemn temples there, and spires towering upward, but gloomy as grave-monuments—silent, silent was the City of the Dead, and the warrior found there nothing to cheer his living

soul. Cheerless too would man be, were it not for hope. But hope comes to him in the waste of life, like the vision of glory to the captive prophet by the river Chebar. It is like "the fire infolding itself," quenchless. Also "out of the midst thereof comes the likeness of living creatures, and the living creatures run, and return as the appearance of a flash of lightning."

In this discordancy of reality with the mind's capacity, and in the influence of hope there is another source of political prophecy. For men, feeling ill at ease under the constitution go forth with hope into fairer countries, and thinking that what they thus see may come to pass, they straightway lift up the voice of prophecy, and predict the happy era. And from this source flow most of the political prophecies of latter days. For by the long-continued preaching of the gospel, which brings tidings of a heavenly country, hope inhabiting every breast has been quickened into the fullest action.

These things may perhaps account, in some degree, for the *why* of men's prophesying. It yet remains to consider the grounds of these prophecies; whether "the time of prophets is over, and the era they prophesied at hand;" whether "something of universal importance is to be done;" whether "new fates" are to appear for the world. But whither shall we go for knowledge? to giant fear, who, oft travelling into the land of the future, returns thence laden with dark forebodings? or shall we listen to the words of hope, who returns from that same land, like Moses from the Mount of God, with her face shining, because of the brightness she has seen? It is better to hearken to the philosophic historian, who with calm eye surveys the past, who has marked the similarities and dissimilarities of society in different ages, and the circumstances attending; and preceding these epochs, who has seen by the working of what principles, and by what power, the human race has at different times been elevated. It is best to listen to him, who thus comes wise with experience from the past, though, he denies the power of foretelling the future, because he knows not under what conditions society may exist. These conditions may be new and untried, and with all his wisdom he cannot tell any result depending upon them. But this same philosophic

historian, basing his opinions upon the invariableness of nature's laws, knows what things are essential to the permanency of social institutions; and knowing whether these exist, he can tell whether a supposed condition of life be possible.

Virtue, justice, and the love of truth, are essential to the existence of a progressive society. But these exist not in sufficient power in human nature to give permanency and progression to any social system. This is the simple truth, that all experience tells, and which is corroborated by the voice of inspiration.

How then, it may be asked, can we account for the growth, and long continuance of mighty states? Simply in the power one principle has, whatever that principle be, to subdue to obedience every passion and interest that conflicts with the attainment of the object of that principle. As in individuals fully possessed of the greatness and beauty of one idea, other interests never gain an ascendent influence; as in the followers of ambition, a host of boisterous passions are hushed, and retire into their concealed cells, so in empires, the pursuit of one object may hold in check interests hostile to political existence. But let the state be veered from the course of her pursuit, and she immediately is in danger of wrecking upon the rocks of revolution: or let the object of her pursuit be attained, and at once the principle of political life is fled, and dissolution takes place. The Roman Empire is a præminent example of the latter case. The lust of power and military glory was the principle of her life. So long as the object was before her, and she had energy to pursue it, she grew in renown and strength. But the object once possessed, her energy relaxed, and her spirit fled. Why then, it may again be asked, if the acting upon any fixed principles can keep a state in existence for ages, why may not a permanently progressive society be built up by the adoption of principles drawn from the eternal nature of man, which never lose their power? Voices from the graves of ruined empires answer, because of the lack of virtue!

When men, then, read "the signs of the times," and tell us new fates are to appear, and that all the pomp of preparation shows there is something of universal importance to be done, it is right to be incredulous, until they show

how virtue is to be increased. It is not enough to tell of the "spread of associative and communist principles;" of the panic caused by the decay of the potato; that, Austria is about to be aroused from the effects of an opiate; that, France is awaking from an uneasy dream; that, the Russian Emperor has given his daughter in marriage to an Austrian prince, thus permitting her to pass from the Greek to the Romish church; that, the President of the United States has in his message transgressed the rules of diplomatic etiquette. These things may foretell changes, but no great and glorious time. The realization of glorious prophecies is not to come from the spread of Fourierism, or from panics, or the diplomatic movements of courts. Humanity's hope is in the silent scattering of the seeds of life. The world is to be regenerated but by righteousness. If civilization is to be onward and onward; if man is to scale height after height of development, and behold an ever-widening scene of beauty, grandeur, and happiness, stretching every where around him, the virtue of human nature must be increased. But this can be done only by the prevalence of those principles of action inculcated by Revelation. If then the means for the communion of nations be not employed for the diffusion of religious truth, the realization of the political prophecies, that foretell a far more glorious condition of life, is not to be expected. And should these means be thus employed, mankind may look for the fulfilment of grander prophecies.

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### LODI.

#### A FRAGMENT FROM HISTORY.

Calm as the slumber on the brow  
Of dreaming beauty's fairy form,  
Were evening's crimson curtains now,  
That little recked the coming storm.  
The riplet played on Adda's stream,  
Tinged with a rich and lustrous beam,  
That robed it in bright gold.  
But oh! how soon its watery bed,  
Stained and begrimed with carnage red,

Would on its bosom bear the dead,  
Who life for fame had sold.  
On either bank, the fading day  
Still lingered on the warrior's lance,  
And mingling with the glistening ray,  
Two haughty, war-won banners dance.  
The one had met the struggling fight,  
And flashed in victory and might,  
O'er Austria's Empress-Queen!  
But e'en must dim the fairest star—  
And bloody Dego's field of war  
Her legions routed—scattered far—  
And hushed in death had seen.  
Why paled those dawning stars of night  
Before yon brilliant meteor flag,  
That bathed its sparkling folds in light,  
And wildly leaped o'er vale and crag?  
Why paled those stars, those heaven-born stars,  
The gazers on ten thousand wars,  
When purple was the earth?  
'Twas his own conquering standard fair,  
That from the lightning tore its glare,  
And glorious now streamed o'er him there,  
Whom Corsica gave birth.

And now the fearful din and clang  
Of steel and soldiery uprose,  
And louder the shrill bugle rang  
The charge against old Gallia's foes.  
And gayly in the cloudless sky,  
His flag in splendor loomed on high,  
To dare the crashing blast.  
Though 'neath its gently murmuring waves,  
His noblest and his truest braves,  
Should find their dark and prayerless graves,  
The Adda must be pass'd!  
Adown the steep the thousands rush,  
On Lodi's deathless bridge they stand,  
While in the vesper's glimmering flush,  
The conqueror gazed upon his band.  
And now they quivering, bent before  
The booming gun, in whose hoarse roar  
Their wild hurrahs were lost.  
And now with firm and dauntless breast,  
Each Frenchman madly onward press'd,  
To do his leader's stern behest  
The bridge—it must be cross'd!  
Fierce grew the dreadful strife and hot—  
They trampled on their comrades slain,  
They paled before that blood-stained spot,  
And halted on the battle plain.

Then rose to heaven a joyous shout!  
A thousand cries sprung gladly out  
And rent the murky air.  
E'en as they battled the rude storm,  
E'en as they spill'd their life-blood warm,  
E'en in their midst was his loved form,  
Napoleon was there.  
"On to the foe!" he sternly cried,  
"My braves ye must not falter now,  
On to the foe! what e'er betide,  
And lay the haughty banner low!  
And then, far in the foremost rank  
That gathered on the sloping bank,  
His glittering crest was seen:  
On to the bridge it swiftly flew,  
On poured his band with loud halloo,  
And fluttering in the day's last hue,  
It shone in gold and green.  
Then pass'd they o'er that bridge of blood,  
Then dashed they to the foeman's front,  
Whose feet strong planted where they stood,  
Right bravely met the battle's brunt.  
But as the quiet, modest star  
Shrinks from the Sun's eternal car  
When night and love are done,  
So from his gonfalon they fled,  
With columns shattered—broken—red,—  
While proudly on his eagle sped,  
And Lodi's bridge was won.

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A LEAF FROM OSSIAN.

## DUAN I.

How empty during vacation is the Hall of Nassau;  
empty as the vacuum of an air-pump, oh philosopher!  
No longer it echoes to the voice of students; silenced in  
the hall is the hum of learning. Departed are the youth  
who enliven your streets, oh Princeton. Noiseless are  
your pavements, save to the tread of the theologian.  
Hushed in the College of the North is the voice of bray-  
ing; undisturbed on the pasture grazes the long-eared ass.  
Whereunto have ye betaken yourselves, oh Sophs? The  
boards of the prayer-hall are lifting their heads to look

around for your return; sadly do they miss the stamp of your highlows at the hour of devotion. When will ye return, oh ye Freshmen? When will ye renew your battles, oh ye heroes? When will ye shake our sides again with your absurdities? Have the sons of the south betaken themselves to the city of brotherly love; or have they wandered with their northern friends to Gotham? Thither have they departed, and they roam together on Broadway. At night they resort to various places of amusement; in the morning from the hotels afar resounds a noise of popping, as of multitudes of corks of the water of soda; by thirsty students many bottles are emptied. But how looks Princeton in their absence? Closed are the doors of the College. Few are they in number who are seen straggling about the campus; as rabbits flee to their burrows on the approach of a sportsman, so do they absquatulate to their rooms, for fear of being seen. Before the College stand the shops of the various tradespeople, within them is—solitude. Perfumery lies scentless on your shelf, oh barber: gone are they of the glossy hair; but soon shall your pole point to their return. Undisturbed on your counter sleeps *Punch*, oh bookseller! many were the loungers who read it in your shop, though few were the purchasers who carried it away. Weep, confectioner, ice-king of celebrity; ceased is the demand for lemonade and cream. Howl, Horace of the sable brow; uncooked are your oysters: silent are the seats in your cellar; the voice of song has ceased therein. The jovial and witty soul who chronicled the imaginary conversation which he fancied was held in your stalls, may now enjoy his “stew” alone. Have any bolted without paying their shot? If so, take courage; soon shall they return laden with golden spoil. Have they left any fragments behind? If so, be liberal; call in the “snobs” to the feast of the shells. And you, oh prince of duns! (blessed with wise and far-seeing godfathers, who foresaw your cunning, and named you in accordance,) does not your unworn highlows look down on you from their mouldy pegs and cry out, “Oh Trick! vanished are your customers; flat is business.” Yea, the very gates lift up their voice and shout aloud, “Are there none to take us off our hinges?” The signs in the village point to the cannon in the campus and mutually exclaim, “Yonder were we



wont to assemble when war was waged on the stores." The hogs in their grunting ask each other in the darkness of the night, "When shall our pens be illuminated?" And

The answer comes on the breeze,  
Through the ancient cherry-trees—

"Feeble shall be our blaze, for we are few in number." Yea, the very quadrupeds feel the dullness of the times. Horses, too, gray with age, and dim of vision, neighing, ask their neighboring steeds on the grassy plain, "Are there no grooms to cover our sides—even with a coat of paint—from the inclemency of the season?" Unseen—for lack of glasses—are the quagmires which surround them. Cats in their mewing inquire, "Where are they gone who used to set us in battle-array against each other?" Untied are their tails since the departure of the Sophs: scarce are the poles over which they were wont to be suspended; yea, the cats have got careless for want of a carding. They are absent, oh grimalkins! the humane and valiant heroes who proposed to fasten your tails to a tree, and in this position shoot at you; but then there was generosity in the proposal, ye race of rat-catchers, as it was not made until you had exhausted all your strength in the battle, and were unfit to render farther *sport* to your manly spectators.

All—all down—man and beast—from the chief hair-dresser to the tail of the cat—weep for the return of those scions of humanity and knowledge, who have flitted away on the wings of steam; they have flown away on the wings of steam, but at the end of vacation shall they return: and the coxcomb shall be joyful in the shop of the barber.

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## DUAN II.

Rejoice, oh Nassau! for the sons of science have returned to your hall. Be glad ye venders of shell-fish, for your customers are in Princeton. Filled are their purses with the rhino; and liberal are their hearts to spend it. Do you not see, ye tradesmen, how stately is their step as they march along? Scientific is the twirl of their cane: Frenchified, also is the appearance of their upper lip; aye,

and their chins look goatish. Be joyful, oh inhabitants of the village, for business is revived. Shampooing has already commenced at the barber's; yea, and again have the loungers betaken themselves to the bookstore. Soon shall the cracking of corks be heard at the corner. Cooked are the natives of Amboy, and spicely are they drest—by the hands of Horace: filled to the brim will be the cornucopia; yea, and quaffed also to the health of the bards. Verily, brisk is business.

And now, you young shoots of knowledge, a word in your ears. We would advise you as a friend—a familiar friend—to look to your ways, and take heed to your heels. Snuffing, as we do, the gale from afar, and foreseeing that a storm is brewing, we would warn you of your danger. Be wise, therefore, ye Sophs; and look out for squalls, ye youngsters of the Fresh class. Be cautious, ye young recruits, when you assemble at the muster-ground for evening parade; respond to the roll-call with your heads, and not with your heels: exercise your *pedes* as much as you please in the campus, but not in the barracks. But, per-adventure, you do not wish to be addressed as soldiers; well, then, we will try you on the sailor *tack*, as some of you have used *tar* in your time. And here again we would say, as the billows are boisterous, keep a sharp lookout on your cruise, lest you make shipwreck of the bark which bears you on your college cruise. If you get cast from your moorings in Princeton, you may not find it an easy matter to get into Botany bay for repairs; the harbor master there may refuse you an entrance to his port, and if this is blockaded against you, your voyage is at an end. "Let your amusements be both innocent and moral," was a copy which we suppose you all wrote when at school: practice the instructions which that piece should have taught you, here. Cat-fighting is not an innocent amusement, neither is foolish stamping in some places a very moral one: spurn from you such cruel and unmanly acts. Oh, ye searchers after knowledge, have you not yet heard the old saying, that "we can expect nothing from a cat but the skin?" Or have you advanced a step further in science, and discovered that a fight can also be had from "poor puss." Cease your brutal warfare on the cat creation, ye would-be men of valour: combine wit and inno-

oence with your amusements through the day, then cosey at night will be your slumbers.

And now, oh plain-spoken bard, why do you lengthen your song? Is it not time that the strain should cease? Or are you going to conclude with a stanza of advice gratis to a *trick-y* tradesman? Yea, verily, it is even so. It is to thee—even unto thee—oh ball of wax, the bard would give it. The laborer is worthy of his hire; and so art thou when thou hast accomplished thy work: but be respectful in seeking the amount of thy bill, lest insult bring about repudiation; yea, and much insult—according to the laws of magnetic induction—cause an attraction between the foretop of a highlow, and—and—\* \* \*. Dim are the eyes of the bard, he cannot *see to sing* the concluding words. Ceased is the voice of song.

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#### THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

'Twas a calm and holy hour—'twas meet for love, and 'twas meet for prayer; naught dared to break the strange and universal stillness save the distant vesper-bell, whose mellow sound was but faint echo of the angel voices which now had 'stopped to whisper peace to man. The sun had paused to take a long last look, as loathe to leave; all nature seemed to boast a soul, and all things bowed before their God. "Not a breath crept through the rosy air, and yet the forest-leaves seemed stirred with prayer."

At such an hour two maiden forms in snowy garments clad, sauntered arm in arm along the moss-grown banks of a deep blue stream whose waters were now hushed in harmony with nature's universal stillness, and though as calm, as peaceful, and as powerless it seemed as an infant in its slumberings, yet it proudly smiled as now it mirrored forth a sky "so cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, that God alone was to be seen in heaven." Of these two maidens one was young, and she was beautiful; and as the sun whose glorious course through summer sky no cloud has shaded, slowly sinks at twilight hour to horizon's verge more calm, more lovely, as he bids good night

to one, to usher in the morn of other worlds—such was she. From infancy till now, no cloud had shaded childhood's sunny hours, nor had experience taught that with each rose with which luxuriant fancy strews the future the thorn grows also; that all its gems and brightest jewels are but bubbles which imagination tinges, to vanish at the touch—and stern reality has not yet laid his tyrant hand upon the ideal forms and visions in which she has been wont to revel—and yet the look holy, pensive, the words of feeling, and of thought, the calmer smile and statelier step which followed quick the giddy speech, the joyous laugh, and merry voice, told clearly that she too was sinking fast to that horizon ill-defined, though critical, which heralds alike the world of womanhood and childhood. Joyfully and happily she looked upon the past, then proudly, calmly, hopefully, she turned towards the future.

The other maid, though young, was not so beautiful. Her brow, though calm, told yet a deep intensity of feeling and of thought, and the melancholy smile which oft-times seemed to languish as it played about her features, told too clearly that on life's chequered board her stake has even now been thrown—and she had lost—she had learned to know the emptiness of love's soft whisperings, the hollowness of friendship's open vows—she had scorned the world's fair features and was happy, but experience taught to read the world's heart also, and turn with loathing from its rottenness—such the other maiden. Nor is it strange that oft the melancholy smile was all her comment on the joyous, buoyant hopes, the pure imaginings and happy dreams with which, gladsome, young, and innocent, her partner whiled away the holy hour, for she knew her well, and loved her with a more than sister's tenderness; and even now she knew that in her cup was thrown the dreg which soon must turn its every drop into the gall of bitterness—she knew that in her infancy a father's sacred solemn oath had pledged her hand to one whose cold stern heart could never beat in unison with hers; one whose bosom ne'er could prove fit altar for a love so pure, so deep, so strangely holy.

She too—the maid so young and beautiful—knew that she was destined to become the bride of one whom yet she scarce had known, and as in “fairest climes light breezes

will ruffle the flowers sometimes," so this, this thought would vaguely flit at times across her happy vision—but as the cloud which floats beneath the sun, it dimmed a moment, then passed away,—for yet she had not learned to love—to love as woman loves. True, she loved the twilight hour, the moonbeam, the flower, and the snow-drop, but yet she had not learned to shadow forth in these the form of one whose image maketh all things; she loved the voice of the morning stars, and the voice of birds, but yet she had not heard in these a magic name which makes all sounds a melody. Her soul was love, and linked by love to nature and to nature's God, and man had not yet dared pollute its holiness.

Such the hour, such the spot, and such the maidens, who now with lingering step and varied talk, would steal a moment from the reigning stillness, then pausing on the bank of the calm still water, drink in old nature's voiceless harmony, listen to the universal anthem which all things in their silence seemed to utter, and join the prayer which earth poured forth to heaven. Thus alone, the younger and more beautiful had kneeled to pluck a flower whose snowy whiteness seemed fit emblem of her purity. The flower kissed the sea, and the sea did love the flower, and seemed to envy the fair hand that dared to pluck; for the calm wave, which till now had mirrored forth her loveliness, was broken, and seemed rejoicing to become her winding-sheet—she who stood beside her uttered one faint cry, and then was as a statue, pale and motionless. But from the dark deep grove which skirted the green bank, there sprang a youthful, yet a manly form—a stranger he was, though noble; and in an instant more he kneeled upon the bank beside a form so cold, so pale, so motionless, that life seemed scarce to flicker there. The rose was off the cheek, the dark eye closed, and the pale lip moved not, and yet she seemed most lovely, and as the stranger gazed upon this emblem of an angel's purity, "The brightness of whose smile he ne'er had seen; ne'er heard the music of her voice," and scarce could tell her name, he felt e'en now, "A still throb, a secret start, a hidden impulse of the heart," that told how well he loved that beauteous miniature of death o'er which he knelt.

The scene was changed. It was a banquet-hall; o'er

it the mellow light of blazing chandelier threw all its charm, giving to beauty, freshness, gilding even the gold refined, and to the sparkling diamond lending brilliancy. The rosy goblet felt its tinge, the music was more soft, and to the dance's giddy whirl it lent its grace and ecstasy. Th gorgeous damsel, and the plain old dame, youth and old age, the grave, the gay, were there, and yet one need not find the desert solitude more lonely. A step removed from all this dazzling blaze and high-toned sound of revelry, a holy hid balcony looked down upon a lake upon whose calm still bosom the gems of heaven lay now and sparkled.

To this a maiden and a youth had now retired—'twas she who not long since had lain so pale and lifeless on the moss-grown bank, and he the stranger who had knelt beside her. He knew her but to love, and loved her but to know that she could never be his bride; and yet he dared to tell her all. Lips which ne'er before had breathed of love, now told of passion purer than the ray of ocean's gem, deeper than its dark unfathomed depths, as lasting as eternity. Ears which ne'er before had listened to the tale of love, drank in the running words which sank into the zone and found an echo there. The tear, that best interpreter of woman's heart, was on her cheek, she spoke not—he who first had claimed her gratitude, asked next her pity, then made her love—their souls were one—he pressed upon her hand one burning kiss; and then was gone.

The scene was changed; the youth was now in distant lands a stranger and a wanderer. The battle's din, the voice of mirth, the maddening cup were vainly sought to drown that still small voice which ever whispered of her name, whose heart he shared, yet dared not claim her hand. The maiden too was grown e'en yet more beautiful: the bloom about the cheek was strangely brilliant, the dark enamored curl stooped oft to kiss the snowy neck, the eye spoke now a more than earthly lustre—the smile, too that arch deceiver which woman knows how to use so well, oft played about the lip, while the worm wound his cold folds round the heart—for woman's pride forbade that she should tell of woman's anguish.

Once more the scene was changed. Before an altar stood two maidens clad as those who walked at holy eve

upon the moss-grown bank ; and one wore yet the same calm brow and pensive look which marked her then, but paler and more sad. The other : was it she who at that hour so blithesome and so gay was but just bursting from the joyousness of childhood ; and now so changed, so strangely calm, so pale, so motionless, that one would pause to ask, if it were thing of earth or being from the spirit-land ? Youth's bloom and freshness all had passed away. The spirit, which had given to each limb its vigor, the eye its fire gone, was crushed ; and now she stood before the altar, the broken-hearted bride of one who claimed her by a father's oath. A moment, and the priest's low voice broke the silence which so well became the scene ; but scarce he spoke when on the solemn aisle a quick and heavy footstep fell, and before them stood a man in soldier garb, but haggard, worn, and wretched, and though his form and cheek more manly were, and his high-born brow was furrowed deep, the eye was still the same which once had gazed so ardently upon the child his arm had rescued. Once more that eye met hers, and as she sank into his arms, the heart's last drop now once more mounted to the cheek, the dying spirit lent the eye its flickering fire, and the quick steel did the rest. In death were joined hands which priest nor altar might not wed ; together they breathed forth the spirits which time nor distance dared to sever ; their blood served both as bridal robes and winding-sheet, the grave their couch and resting-place, the same clod covers both, and the same cold slab marks out the spot where rests two broken hearts.

B. C.

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### THE SPIRIT-LAND.

THE spirit-land, the spirit-land,  
Who hath not oft been there,  
Mid sparkling forms of loveliness,  
Thronging it every where ?

'Tis a beauteous place, that spirit-land ;  
And the heart doth there embrace



Its old endearments tenderly—  
Its joys of other days.

The creatures of that spirit-land,—  
Oh who shall dare to say,  
Look not upon us smilingly,  
And beckon us away?

'Tis a glorious home, that spirit-land,  
And the soul hath always trod  
Its voiceful chambers lovingly,  
Communing with its God.

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#### LITERARY NOTICE.

*The Cricket on the Hearth.*—By Charles Dickens.—  
Wiley & Putnam, New York.

Another fairy tale! Who does not love to linger among the stories of the Elfin-land? In every line of those queer histories there is something that softens the stern human heart, and speaks in tender accents to every one in the wide world. Although the "faery broods" are but the creations of a wild poetic fancy, we love to look into their tiny faces, and fain would have them come and dwell here with us on this matter-of-fact earth. The story of the Culprit Fay will remain as long as the beautiful lives in our literature. Its sweet strains fall upon the ear like the strange minstrelsy of a trembling lute, whose melody is of no earthly kind; and there is no one who greets not with a kindly welcome the soulless Undine, whose little witching hand stole from the bosom of the benighted Hildebrand his very heart, and hid it archly in her own pure snowy breast. O ye rare habitants of the realm of light, never, never forsake this dim, dark world of ours! Ye gentle Fays, once more bend your little forms of air among its bright-leaved flowers on whose golden bosoms the dew-drops melt into their dreams!

And how shall we welcome you, oh Faerie Cricket? How can we win thee to become a dweller with the children of earth, and to sing thy merrie Elfin songs into

the ear of degraded mortality? The golden clouds of morning shall be thy bright heralds, and the perfumed breath of eve shall bear thee on its unseen pinions to the twilight land of visions. Through the dark-green leaves, the voices of the night will whisper of thy far-off home, and the "pale and silver silence" shall be unbroken by the tread of mortal. How shall we win thee to be ever near us, oh Faerie Cricket? Thankful are we to thy gifted friend, who hast betrayed thy hiding-place beside the blazing hearth! In every word he has breathed, we can bear the same voice that spoke to us of the facetious Mr. Weller; that told so eloquently the melancholy story of poor Smike; and that sung so sweetly of little Nell, that when she laid her down to sleep in the lonely church-yard, we could not help letting fall a tear upon the cold sepulchral stone, and saying from our deepest hearts, "We thank thee for a right good soul, Mr. Boz!"

The simple tale which has been woven to the harmony of the Cricket's chirp, is just such an one as we would expect from Mr. Dickens. It is purely a story of the heart—the heart that is true to nature, and that beats as fondly for the world around it as it does for the rude tenement in which it is enshrined. Of such material have all the characters in the "Cricket on the Hearth" been fashioned. As we listened to the voice of little Dot, a deep unutterable longing stole over us to view her with the body's eye, for she had the very kind of heart we wish might throb beneath every heaving doublet. The Baby, too, had one precisely like its fair young mother; and we are sure that Tilly Slowboy had a great deal more heart than she well knew what to do with—that strange Miss Slowboy, whose principal accomplishment was a "rare and surprising talent for getting this baby into difficulties; and who had several times imperilled its short life, in a quiet way peculiarly her own."

But what shall we say of the Cricket—the Faerie Cricket, that summoned before the honest Carrier all the phantom-beings of the distant Past—that mirrored upon his cloudless memory all the spirit forms of the mystic land of dreams—that guarded that hearth-stone as sentinel never before watched beside his midnight fire? That Cricket was no common one, no every-day Cricket. He knew a

thing or two; and although to him the honor is not due of having began the concert with the jolly old Kettle, when he *did* chime in with a glorious chirrup, chirrup, chirrup, a halo of happiness was thrown around that humble fire-side, that whole worlds of yellow gold could never buy: and when its owner came home to its cheerful sparkling light, from the thick mists which curtained the great Metropolis, the merry cricket chirped out with a "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home my Boy!" that rang from one end of the room to the other, and breaking on the startled air, "seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star."

But, dear reader, we must pause. You have no doubt read it long ago, and we wish you may have fifty more books like it before you die. We might talk all day about Tilly Slowboy, of Gruff, and Tackleton, and the old gentleman—not *the* old gentleman—whom thoughtless John had "clean forgotten," in the cart. We would never tire holding converse with Caleb, and his daughter Bertha; and there is a beauty in that old man's strugglings to make for his Blind Girl a palace from their hovel, we seldom witness in this cold and calculating world. And we must pass by the good bright May Fielding, and her foolish old mother, and her dark-eyed lover from the golden South America. We wish only to say a word in behalf of the sweet little Elves, and then we are done.

Forever, we could listen to the ravishing harmony that echoes through the vales and glens of the bright Faeries home. Their silver harps send forth the loveliest strains that ever fell upon the ear of man. Their low music strikes the heart, as the western sun mellows the dancing wave; and, even as when the last descending ray hath passed away, the earth becometh dark and well-nigh drear, so when the low floating of the silver strings have died afar, the heart that gladdened at their sound, is sad and sorrowful. Man, on this lower world, has need of such a spell to drive away the care that wrinkles on his brow, Death sits sternly in his midst, and silently beckons the young and old, and beautiful and brave, to other lands—to Hades—to the Grave! He bends before no mortal man—he never cools the burning cheek on which he has hissed his fiery breath. The Shadowy land can give us

many a happy hour, and there is no one who does not feel lighter after drinking in the sparkling contents of the Faeries golden cup, or does not grow heavier and darker when he has dashed the foaming goblet from his lips. But we fear the days of the Goblin are over forever. The mystic sceptre has departed and vanished into the thin air. The woods and fields no more nestle on their green bosoms the Ouphe and the Fay, and now they live only in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Peace be with them!

And now we must part with the Faerie Cricket! We must say farewell to little Dot. John has gone and Dot and Bertha and all the Spirits have gone forever. But the merrie Cricket sings on! He still guards that pure altar—the family hearth stone. His merrie chirp, chirp, chirp, is still there! and we hope he may never leave that spot, until the beings whose household gods were near that fireside, have all gone away into the valley where sleep their fathers. And the Faerie dance is over—the Faerie dream is past—the scene is changed and all are gone—gone! The ashes are cold upon the stone; “a Cricket sings upon the hearth? a broken child’s toy lies upon the ground, and nothing else remains!”

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## EDITORS' TABLE.

We must ask the indulgence of our readers for this delay of the present number of the Monthly. Circumstances beyond our control rendered it altogether unavoidable.

Whether or no, we have now succeeded in setting before you an agreeable entertainment, we leave to the decision of more delicate tastes than ours; for they have been blunted in the preparation. We have at least, served up a variety, so that all who sit down to our repast, may find some favorite dish to please and satisfy. We have been fortunate enough to get even

“Fresh fish from Helicon!”

on our table, so that those not strong enough for meat, may be served with daintier fare.

The contents of the chief dish at the head, you will pronounce, upon trial, very fine. You will also doubtless give a hearty "reception" to the one immediately below it. The next, two you cannot help relishing. Is n't the dish from Fingal's Erin, luxurious? The rest contain precious dainties, which may not be overlooked.

To be plain—we have made the best selection we could, out of the material sent us. If you are not pleased, reader, we can't help it; nor is it of much moment to us, whether you are pleased or displeased, when we are assured that we have done what we could. We will be content, then, if you only hang your lip, knit your brows, and utter a familiar "pshaw" at its reception. Reader, if you could just step into our sanctum a little while and cast your eye over the chaos now "sitting umpire" on our table, you would wonder how we ever called up out of its horrible mass even such a form as now appears before you. We doubt not but that you would have fancied yourself entered into that "limbo" called "The Paradise of Fools," judging from the productions and appearance of those

"Embryos and *idiots*, eremites and friars,  
White, black, and gray, with all their *trumpery*,"

that,

"Here pilgrims roam,———"

seeking the shrine of their ambition—a place in the Monthly. We must of course exercise some compassion on the poor wanderers, and give them a lodging in their own "paradise"—the

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will allow "T———" to speak for himself—he does it admirably:—

"John Simpkins, O my boy, John,  
You are a funny wight  
As e'er I late have seen, John,  
So jolly, gay and light,  
You are my own true love, John,  
And I, whate'er betide,  
Here make a solemn vow, John,  
With thee yet to abide.  
When gloomy care and sorrow  
Shall cloud thine open brow,  
And night and gloom shall borrow  
From thy dark and sable pow.

But praised be Jove for all his favors,  
We have e'en at last accomplished all our labors."

A prose article claiming for itself the dignity of blank verse, entitled, "The Freshman's Dream," and signed "Minnow," next turns up its woful face to notice. No doubt, dear little Freshman, (if you are really a Freshman,) the tooth-ache (for, reader, his dream was tooth-achish,) is a very bad thing even in dreams. But do go and get your teeth plugged, dear,—not pulled—so that no more

"Such sickening  
Thoughts may o'er thee come—no cold and clammy  
Sweat break out upon thy brow;"

and since now,

"This dream is  
Past, and thy poor teeth yet shiver  
With the recital of their woes,"

we may not again be made to "shiver" with the "recital" of such dreams.

Listen! somebody's crying.—It's "R."—for a dead baby. There is not a bit of use or necessity in blubbering so, for

"A gentle flower  
Budding in beauty, perfumed by the breath  
Of heaven—but blasted, withered by cold death  
In one short hour."

since, oh, oh, oh,—the Monthly turns a deaf ear to your "Lament."

The "stanzas" of "M. P. M." are laid *under* the table awhile. We want them to dry. Perhaps they'll *chime* a little then. (The "stanzas" don't rhyme, reader.)

Just look here a minute! Some "Quis"—no matter who—has sent us a scrawled document entitled, "Original Essay, No. I."—wherein he sets forth the great necessity of bodily exercise as conducive to the health of both mind and body.—Presumption, isn't it? Out fellow, pound your dumb-bells, flourish your "shinny," or swing on your pole—don't inflict yourself upon us.

We would inform "Jasper" that the "Sunrise in Switzerland" can't quite shine into the Monthly.

Some "Sketches from life, by Stokes Simpleton, Esq." have portrayed their outlines before us in their own native simplicity. But we don't much admire your sketches, Stokes—they're a little too simple. Don't be discouraged,—try your hand again—but we would not for the world tell you "where we pleased to consign your essay."

"Sic transit gloria mundi," don't it Squire Simpleton?—just like your hero.

Some "potent, grave, and reverend" "Senior," is very desirous, no doubt, of enlightening our little College world, and that other big world without us too, on the importance of "College Studies." We should like very much to know what he has to say upon the subject, but since a clue to the full interpretation of *hieroglyphics* has not yet been discovered, we must necessarily lose the benefits of his superior wisdom. Shame, Senior! you should patronize writing-masters—not Nassau Monthlies.

Whether or no some of our College poets, upon reading the article entitled "An Evening at a Cape of the Chesapeake," and bearing the signature of "W. O. N. C." would not have composed a couplet containing the jingle of "D. U. N. C." (E), we are not prepared to say. Yet however bad, reader, you might consider the rhyme, we vouch the sentiment. Like Ben Johnson's to John Sylvester, "it's true."

We would advise "W. O. N. C." the next time he writes, to do so with ink—not buttermilk and molasses.

Some desperate young gentleman, signing himself "S. R. T." has sent us the first chapter of an article entitled "The Rock of Death."

We thought when we took it from the post office, there must be something ominous about it: for no sooner had we opened it, than out dropped a sixpence. A *neat* little note enveloped, on a separate piece of paper, will explain the rest.

"This first part is not very entertaining—but I hope if accepted, the remainder will be—I did not pay the postage, but the money———" we don't know what, reader, for just here his generosity, or something else, stopped him.

A *gentleman* has, by mistake, deposited in the Monthly box, a draft on the Princeton Bank for one hundred dollars. He can have it again by calling at our office.

All other articles and persons are scarce worthy of notice. And so we leave them.